

Army Man

America's Only Magazine

Astonishingly Primitive Debut Issue!

Second Printing
Not A Collector's Item

#1

The Employment Counselor

Don't expect to just waltz in on your first day and be accepted by the other employees of the tanning parlor. Tradition demands an initiation period. The important thing is not to "break" under all the hazing. Let's say someone whacks your thermos with a tanning wrench, shattering the delicate liner. You may be shocked to find your iced tea full of broken glass, but brother, you'd better just drink it all down. Otherwise, they'll leave you alone, but they'll never respect you.

Needed

What this country needs is a good five-cent sports car.

Question

If they can put a man on the moon, why can't they put a drinking fountain on the moon?

Why I Love America

Why do I love America? Well, maybe "love" is a little strong... I mean, I think it's a good country. Definitely. But a lot of that is 'cause I was born here, and haven't seen that many other countries. Canada and Mexico, that's about it. I hear Sweden is really great. Man, I'd move there in a second. Just don't have the bucks.

News You Can't Use

One of those weird sulfur-breathing tube worms that live on the ocean floor wriggled out of its tube yesterday and began stirring up sediment. Observers say the move may signal an impending power grab. So far, details are sketchy.

A Plea For Sanity

In all the furor about salad spinners, has anyone thought to check with the lettuce?

ASK UNCLE TRIVIA

Q: How did the swizzle stick get its name?

A: The "stick" part comes from the resemblance between the plastic stirring rod and an ordinary wooden stick. As for the "swizzle" part -- who knows?

Today's Scripture

"Now it came to pass in the third year of Hoshea, the son of Elah, king of Israel, that Hezekiah, the son of Ahaz, king of Judah, began to reign."

-- 2 Kings 18:1

A TRUE STORY

Some lobstermen from Maine were vacationing in New Orleans when they encountered a group of crayfishmen. Words were exchanged, and a fight broke out. Naturally, the crayfishmen got the worst of it.

Angry and humiliated at being beaten on home turf, the crayfishmen accosted a group of keychain salesmen. "What kind of keychains do you sell?" they demanded. "Oh, mostly miniature lobsters," the salesmen replied. "They're about inch-and-a-half long."

That was all the crayfishmen needed to hear. Within seconds, the keychain salesmen lay dazed on the sidewalk.

Later that night, the keychain salesmen ran into some microbiologists. "Microbiologists, huh? Ever work with any plankton that look like tiny lobsters, when viewed under a microscope?" "Why, yes," the microbiologists answered.

POW! BAM!

Battered and dizzy, but spoiling for a fight, the microbiologists roamed the streets of the French Quarter. Their only hope was to find a group of spies carrying microfilm of secret plankton research. And in fact, just such a group was visiting New Orleans that night, but on the other side of town, having decided that the French Quarter was touristy and overpriced. So the microbiologists were forced to take out their aggressions on an old security guard.

The next morning, the New Orleans police were baffled. But then again, police tend to be pretty clueless in general... even when it comes to picking a halfway decent wife.



"In a future life, you will be Shirley MacLaine."

Ticking Ecological Nightmare

I don't want to frighten you, but we've got a situation on our hands. See, in the sixties everybody bought a beanbag chair, and in the seventies everybody threw it away. Now these things are buried in landfills, and their cheap vinyl covers are cracking and letting in moisture. And I don't need to tell you what happens to these "chairs" when all those beans start to sprout at once. Well, maybe I do. They explode! They blow sky-high! At least, that's the theory. We simply don't know. The important thing is, it's too late to do anything now.

If God were my co-pilot, I think I'd let Him handle almost all the routine flying. I might do the landings ... I'm pretty good at those.



Where do law students study? In the lie-brary, of course. — Craig Henderson

(We hope to publish more of Craig's work in the coming weeks and months. -- Ed.)

My All-Time Basketball Dream Team

Forward -- Daryl Hannah,
Forward -- Lori Singer (Co-Captains)
Center -- Lisa Bonet
Guard -- Vanity
Guard -- Amanda Pays
Alternate -- The blonde in the Pearl Drops commercial
Coach -- Traci Lords

DEEP THOUGHTS

by Jack Handey

We like to praise birds for flying, but how much of it is actually flying, and how much of it is just sort of coasting from the previous flap?

*

Many people don't realize that large pieces of coral, which have been painted brown and attached to the skull by common wood screws, can make a child look like a deer.

*

Dad always thought laughter was the best medicine, which I guess was why several of us died of tuberculosis.

*

Too bad steak isn't considered a precious metal, because I'd like to go into a restaurant and order a steak and then pay for it with a steak. It would give everyone a chill because they would be thinking, "What kind of a world have we gone and created here?"

*

What if you get to heaven, and it's nothing but spiders. Spiders, everywhere. Finally, you see another person, but you turn him around in his revolving chair and see that he's covered with spiders! But then you wake up, and you realize, whew, it was all just a bad dream. But you look in the corner, and THERE'S A SPIDER PLAYING A HARP!! AGGGHHHHHH!!!

Submissions Policy

Due to the tiny volume of mail we receive, we are able to acknowledge every submission with a heartfelt personal note, and occasionally even a gift.

This Day in History

Five years ago today, waitresses began saying "Can I get that out of the way for you?"

3

Likes Song

Barbara Bush's favorite country song is "Don't Come Home From Drinkin' With Lovin' On Your Mind."

Logrolling Corner

Hey, log-rollers! Here's a deadly little maneuver, sent in by Garth Hunsaker of Olympia, Washington:

Forwards, backwards
Forwards, forwards
Backwards-backwards-backwards

Gets 'em every time!

*

Instead of raising your hand to ask a question in class, how about individual push-buttons on each desk. That way, when you want to ask a question, you just push the button and it lights up a corresponding number on a tote board at the front of the class. Then, all the professor has to do is check the lighted number against a master sheet of names and numbers to see who is asking the question.

*

As we were driving, we saw a sign that said "Watch For Rocks." Marta said it should say "Watch For Pretty Rocks."

I told her she should write in her suggestion to the highway department, but then she started saying it was a joke -- just to get out of writing a simple letter. And I thought I was lazy.

4

Words To Live By

"Having people think you're dead isn't the best thing to have happen to you if you're an actor. I'm sure there are many directors who may have thought about me for a role, but just said, 'No, he's dead.'"



A New Wrinkle

Researchers have recently concluded that facial exercises, those odd contortions of the eyes, nose, and mouth intended to prevent wrinkles, actually cause wrinkles. This is kind of funny when you think about it. I like to picture an editor at Mademoiselle going over the magazine's eleventh annual feature on facial exercises. Really scrutinizing everything: drawings, graphics, text, layout -- the works. Maybe sending the whole thing back to be redesigned, until the entire package looks just right. And later feeling that glow of satisfaction from a job well done.

Then I like to imagine the typical reader, a twenty-nine-year-old merchandising coordinator, scrupulously following the wrinkle-promoting regimen, even when she's exhausted and just wants to crawl into bed. After all, isn't it worth ten minutes a night to look much, much older?



Prank of the Week

Casually remark to your friend that he looks pale. Tell him he needs a shot of B-12. Then, secretly give him a shot of Novocaine. A few minutes later, tell your friend that you're going to drill a hole in your foot. Instead, secretly drill the hole in his foot. Then just sit back, and in an hour or so -- Yowee!

Sex On Television

Some people say there's too much sex on network television. I have to ask these people, "Have you ever actually had sex? Do you recall anything about the experience? Now, when did you see that on network TV?"

You always hear how much sex there is on the soaps. They're nothing but sex, sex, sex. Maybe I've been watching the wrong ones. The ones I've seen have these great-looking couples who seem well-equipped for some sweaty gymnastic love-making. But instead, they just sit around in a living room listening to some old hag. Wow, great sex!

I think one reason printing presses are so noisy is so that if somebody yells "Stop the presses!", no one will hear him.

MAN BITES DOG

That's news. Lately, however, ruthless publicity-seekers have been exploiting this important journalistic principle. Washed-up entertainers and struggling politicians are biting dogs at an alarming rate. Last week, amid popping flashbulbs, Sen. John Glenn (D-Ohio) tried to revive his VP prospects by repeatedly biting an unhappy Pomeranian. "He just kept biting me and biting me," the dog said later. "I felt like biting him!"

Most Adorable Company, 1988



DENVER'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF QUALITY ENVELOPES

The Royal Visitor

When Prince Charles came to our house, his staff told us that he had decided to have a typical home-cooked American meal. My mom hadn't counted on this, so each of us had to whip up one all-American dish, quick-like. I chose an easy one -- pork 'n' beans. But as I tossed the can in the trash, I started to feel a little guilty. After all, baked beans were pretty dull, even for us. I figured I should class them up a bit, so I removed the usual blob of pork fat and replaced it with a nice lean chunk of pork tenderloin, grilled to perfection.

We all huddled in the kitchen as the Prince dined alone. When he had finished the meal, and two cups of Yuban, his reaction was relayed to us by his personal secretary. He found the food "delightful". His only complaint was that the pork in the pork 'n' beans was a bit greasy.

I was furious. Ignoring everyone's pleas, I stormed into the dining room and confronted our "royal" visitor. I really let him have it.

"You've got a helluva nerve, buddy! You come into our house and start giving orders like you're the Queen of England or something. Who died and made you king? Awwwwwww, so the pork wasn't up to your "royal standards" -- Boo-hoo! That's the saddest story ever told!

I got news for you, pal. Most people never even see any pork in their pork 'n' beans! The most they can hope for is a hunk of pork fat! So if "Your Majesty" didn't find it "acceptable" that's just too damn bad. Because that's the best we have to offer, and we aren't about to apologize for it!"

The Prince was stunned. Clearly, no one had ever dared speak to him in this manner. For a moment, his jaw worked soundlessly in his crimson face. Then he sprang out of his chair and got me in a headlock. I tried to bend his fingers back, but he was much stronger than I'd imagined. He tightened the grip on my windpipe until my head swam and I passed out.

When I came to, I was still in the headlock, only now the Prince was kneeling me in the face. Desperately, I grabbed at his hair, only to feel a stab of pain as his teeth sank into my thumb. I could feel myself starting to black out again. Why wasn't my family helping me? As I began to lose consciousness, the awful truth finally hit me.

He had bought them off with his enormous wealth!

Hard Sell

The Frosting Council is having a hard time finding a spokesperson for its new ad campaign, with the slogan, "Eat Big Cans of Frosting, Y'All."

"The gods are angry"?
What the hell for?
They've got a pretty sweet deal!

You Men

Here's some free advice:
Never go on a blind date with a "dynamite lady".

Wacky Weddings

- * If Sheila Fucking married Steve Asshole she'd be Sheila Fucking Asshole.
- * If Crystal Gayle married Billy Crystal she'd be out of her mind.

The Go-Getter's Creed

As soon as you get out of bed, rush to the mirror and repeat the following in a loud, ringing voice:

"I have the mind of a sleek, powerful thoroughbred."

"Every muscle, every tendon, every nerve in my body crackles with the voltage of a runaway dynamo."

"Every vitamin I need for peak performance surges through my bloodstream in terrifying quantity."

"I am evolution's most exalted achievement; the quintessence of the sublime; the resplendent jewel of all Creation."

"I can sell ANYTHING!!!"

A job worth doing is worth doing. Right?

Coming in Next Month's Army Man

Starving baby eats diaper

6

Memories of Mac

My freshman roommate was a remarkable guy. The first week of school Mac and I drove out to a mixer at Wellesley. We had barely gotten in the door when Mac pulled me aside. "See that girl?" he said. I certainly did. She was a dark-haired beauty in a leather miniskirt, drinking a margarita out of a beer mug. "That's the girl I'm going to marry." Naturally, I laughed in his face.

On our way home, Mac was quiet. Clearly, the man was stricken. We stopped at a pancake house, where I noticed a cute waitress. I was about to point her out to Mac when he turned to me and whispered, "See that waitress? That's the girl I'm going to marry."

I was to hear that line countless times during the next four years. Rare was the woman Mac didn't vow to marry -- probably a thousand in all.

And the funny thing is, he did end up marrying around five hundred of them, so I guess you could say he was no different than the rest of us: part liar, part truth-man.

Editor's Note

All "errors" in Army Man are, of course, intentional and represent an artistic choice.

Overheard On Fifth Avenue

"Hot pretzels! Get yer hot pretzels here... Hot pretzels! Get yer hot pretzels... Hot pretzels! Get yer hot pretzels... Hot pretzels! Get yer hot pretzels... Hot pretzels! Get yer hot pretzels here..." (If you're still reading this, would you like to do some yard work for me? I won't pay you anything, but you can have a big glass of lemonade when you're done.)

God's Gift to Women

I heard He's giving spice racks this year.

Pet Peeve

It always bugs me when a doctor uses a term like "vagina". C'mon, Doc. We all know what you really mean. We're not idiots.

Lotion Notion

In the summertime, you've just got to protect your face with sunscreen. But applying it and re-applying it can be tedious, so here's a simple trick. As you look in the mirror, pretend that you're the world's most distinguished actor, putting on makeup for what is to be the performance of a lifetime. I tell you, that lotion will just fly on!



Silver Lining

Eighteen months ago, doctors at Mercy Hospital told Manny Hofstedter he would never walk again. Sadly, they were right. Hofstedter is still in a wheelchair. The good news is that his three doctors will receive the prestigious Lundberg Prize for Diagnostic Excellence.

Drug Warning

When you're part of a panel discussing the drug problem, never say, "Can I inject something here?"

Original Names of Celebrities

Tony Bill	--	Anthony Williams
Octopussy	--	Octopussy Ann Lehnendorf
Engelbert Humperdinck	--	Engelbertzen Humperdinckenwald
Zippy The Chimp	--	(Real Name)
George Bush	--	Ronnie James Lomax
James Earl Jones	--	James Earl Douchebag
Brent Musburger	--	Brent Steele
Susan Anton	--	Susan Marie Aftertaste
Gorgeous George	--	Gorgeous Bob
Apollonia Von Ravenscroft	--	Piggy Oinkington
Jay McInerney	--	José Ramón Dominguez

child of war

I served in the Korean conflict at the age of three, and attended elementary school on the GI Bill. My earliest memory is of the retreat of the First Marines from the Choisin Reservoir through a hellscape of frozen, blasted rock. I ate dog in Korea -- a child's portion, of course. Back in the States, first grade seemed like a dream-world to me. There I was, the youngest second lieutenant in the history of American arms, reading about a pair of civilians named Dick and Jane, who knew nothing of lines of fire, or anti-tank warfare, or the terrible things high-speed metal can do to human flesh and bone. I might have been sitting at my desk, but in my mind, I was far away, grappling with the tactical problems of the modern battlefield. My teachers had no idea what to make of the drawings of military ordnance which filled the margins in all my workbooks, but the summer after third grade, I ran into General Mark Clark, then Army Chief of Staff, at a shopping-center opening near my house. I showed him one of my blueprints -- a prototype for a midget tank equipped with howitzers, electric missiles, and BB machine guns, which could travel at speeds of seven miles a second. He immediately phoned my parents, and after some discussion, it was agreed that I should transfer to the United States College of Army Guys, located in Olathe, Kansas.

I graduated two years later, with honors in knife-fighting and building forts. I was still a month shy of my ninth birthday. Commissioned a Major, I was sent on my first field assignment -- advisor to the Free French forces in North Africa. Through mud and rock and sand we

Admired

Rosey Grier is the most admired man in America, a recent poll shows.

When you watch those Olympic weightlifters this summer, I know what you're gonna think. You're gonna think, "Hey, that looks easy. I could do that." Try it sometime, if it's so easy. Six hundred pounds is heavier than you think.

A motorcycle crack-up isn't what it's cracked up to be.

Literary Notes

Few books leave a deeper impression on readers young and old than John Steinbeck's classic, The Pearl. Interestingly, the novel is an extensive reworking of Steinbeck's original draft, which was entitled The Wallet.

fought our way to the Mediterranean, then landed at Normandy, and at last marched into Paris. It had already been liberated, though, more than a decade previously. I took full responsibility for the error; never again would I disregard the reports of my intelligence staff. From there I was sent to Indochina, where I lived as a foreign exchange student with the Giap family, in a suburb of Hanoi. For a year, General Giap was An-An (Daddy) to me. One day, we would meet again, only this time, as deadly enemies.

-- Ian Frazier

Clifford "Cliff" Diver didn't want to pursue the obvious career, so he started a small software company. But every day, he could feel the pull of Acapulco. Finally, he gave in and moved to Mexico.

His wife warned him he'd break his neck, and on his very first dive, he did. But the bones healed quickly, and a week later he tried again. Again, he broke his neck, only this time it healed even faster. Soon, Cliff found he could break his neck in the morning and be ready to dive again that evening.

I think you can guess the rest...

Gone, All Gone

Do you still have the adorable crayon drawings you made in kindergarten? I don't. Not a one. Which means that at one point, many years ago, the following thoughts must've gone through my mother's mind: "Hmm, what's this? Oh, I see. It's that irreplaceable drawing by my firstborn son ... the one he proudly brought home from school. I'll just put this in the garbage." Then, as time went by: "Oh, another one of my child's drawings. What is it that I do with these again? Oh, yes -- I throw them in the trash. That's right." Eventually, her brain probably got it down to "Art -- Son -- Trash." And on the days when my mom was sick, and didn't get around to throwing my artwork away, my dad would do it.

I'm not bitter. I know they had good reasons for discarding virtually everything I ever drew, wrote, collected or pasted together during my one and only childhood. I love my parents. There's nothing I wouldn't do for them.



Christmas without Elvis

Frazier

Life's a game, but some of us settle for the home version.

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complimentary

For a limited time, all contributors to Army Man will receive a complimentary video cassette. You may choose any motion picture from the list below. All films are recorded on the finest Super-Avilyn tape stock, for up to 300 trouble-free viewings.

"Going Ape!" ★ (1981) Tony Danza, Jessica Walter. A rich man's son has to baby sit his father's three pet orangutans for five years in order to inherit \$5 million.

"Free Ride" ★ (1986) Gary Hersher, Reed Rudy. A preppie and his buddy stash mob money in the bottom of a nude statue at a girls finishing school. 'R'

"Meatballs III" ★ (1987) Sally Kellerman, Patrick Dempsey. A porn-movie queen who died on the job tries to get to heaven by helping a summer-camp nerd make friends with girls. 'R'

"Day of the Animals" ★★ (1977) Christopher George, Lynda Day George. Animals attack a guide, a newswoman, an adman and other hikers because aerosol sprays have depleted the ozoneosphere.

"Monkeys, Go Home!" ★★ (1967) Maurice Chevalier. The heir to a French olive farm shocks a local priest and villagers by having trained monkeys pick his crop.

"King Crab" ★★★ (1980) Barry Newman, Julie Bovasso. Two brothers, rivals since childhood, fight bitterly over their family's New England seafood business. 105 mins.

"Dying Room Only" ★★★ (1973) Cloris Leachman, Ross Martin. A woman's husband goes into the restroom of a roadside diner but does not come out. 90 mins.

"Cyclone" ★ (1987) Heather Thomas, Jeffrey Combs. Double agents kill an inventor for his hydrogen-powered motorcycle, but his girlfriend will not let them have it. 'R'

"Delivery Boys" ★ (1985) Joss Marcano, Tom Sierchio. Hookers, sculptors and ex-Nazis detain three pizza-delivery boys on the night of their big break-dancing contest. 'R'

Army Man

America's Only Magazine

Still Going Strong!

#2

Suspense Theater

MAN

What do you think'll
come down on us --
a curtain, or something
unexpected, like a
metal grating?

WOMAN

I don't know.
(PAUSE)
I don't think we'll
ever know.

(CURTAIN)



I dreamed that they freed Nelson Mandela,
but he didn't want to go. An Isaac Hayes
chain-link vest strained to cover his
massive, chiseled pectorals as he gazed
down defiantly from the highest tier,
surrounded by his vicious henchmen.
"I OWN this prison!" he roared.
At this point I awoke, tanned and rested.

There's one thing to be
said for crack: It sure
does get you high!

The Secret

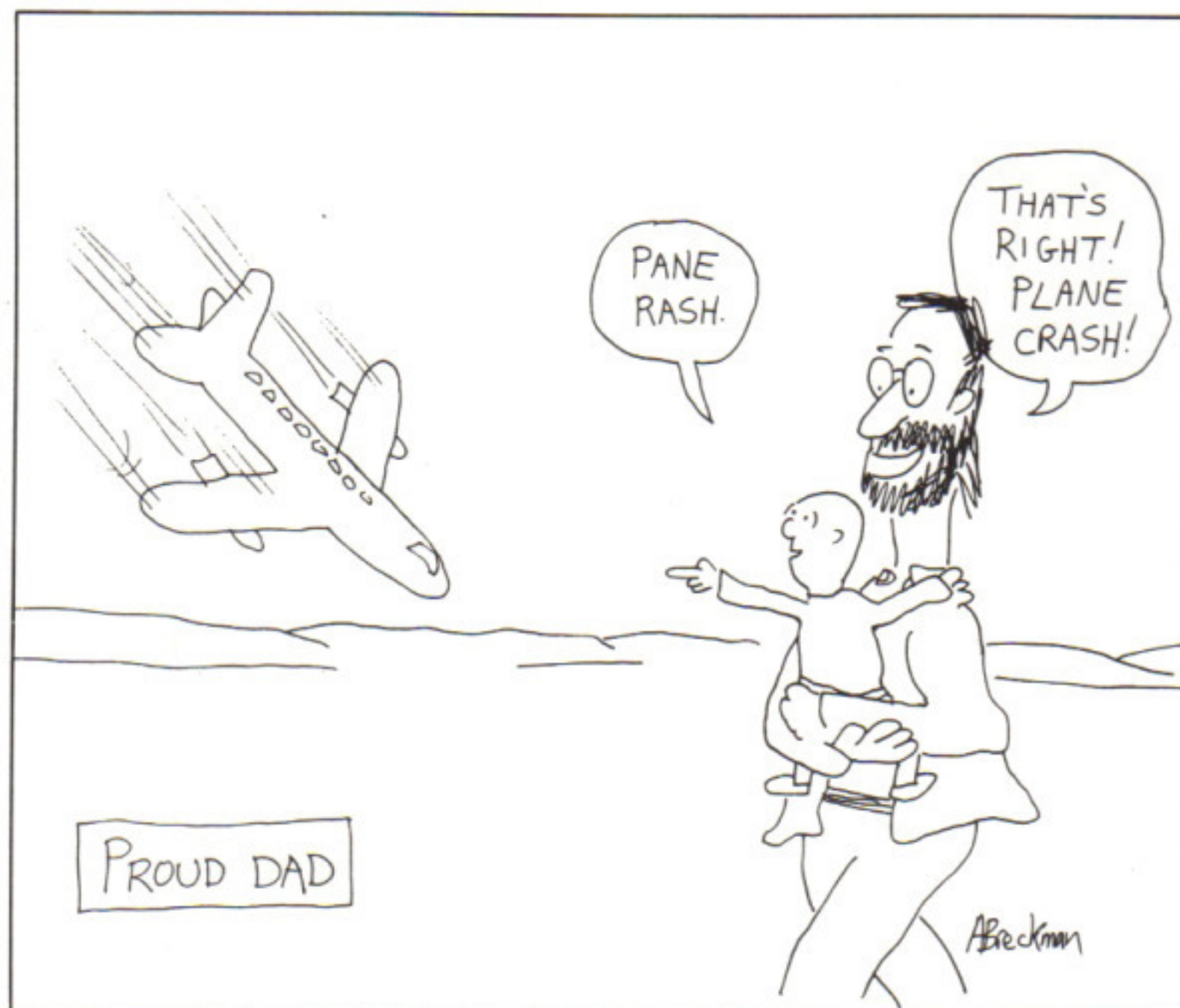
The world's oldest man recently
celebrated his 120th birthday.
Naturally, he was asked for the
secret of his amazing longevity.
The old man thought for a moment,
then replied, "What's in it for me?"



If you thought you had trouble
with stage fright, think about
a bullet. It waits and waits
in the dark until it gets that
tap, and then boom -- it's
showtime!

Food Fact

One teaspoon of powdered soybean
extract contains more protein than
two teaspoons of powdered soybean
extract.



2

From The Mail Jug

Dear Army Man,

I never really thought that I'd be writing to you. I always imagined that all your letters were made up in the fertile minds of your readers. But now I know otherwise. First, let me tell you a bit about myself: I am a freshman at a small Midwestern college. Last Tuesday, I was studying in the Law Library when Bekka, a German foreign exchange student, entered my cubicle/study area. As Bekka stood upon a stool to reach the top shelf of the stack, I couldn't help but notice the fine contour of her shapely legs and ass. Man, that Bekka is one hot chick. Needless to say, I'll be doing a lot of "extra studying" in that cubicle in the future!

Very truly yours,
Jeremiah Bosgang

Sir:

I have a problem, and was hoping that one of your readers could help.

Sincerely,
Andy Breckman
Madison, New Jersey



It's the same old story: A former beauty pageant finalist, due to report for Army duty, instead goes to a party, becomes intoxicated, gets in a scuffle, receives two black eyes and various body abrasions in the bargain, then drives to a minimum-security prison to visit her incarcerated boyfriend, shredding her clothing as she attempts to squeeze through barbed wire. And no one seems to give it a moment's thought. Perhaps we've become inured to it.

Wacky Weddings

- *If Jane Dick married Philip Andballs, she'd be Jane D. Andballs.
- *If Hazel married Mr. B, she'd be Hazel B. If she divorced him + and married Mr. T, she'd be Hazel T.
- *If Raggedy Ann married Raggedy Andy, no one would be surprised because they've been living together for so long. ☺

Wacky Weddings Theater

If Thomas Edison married Elle Macpherson...

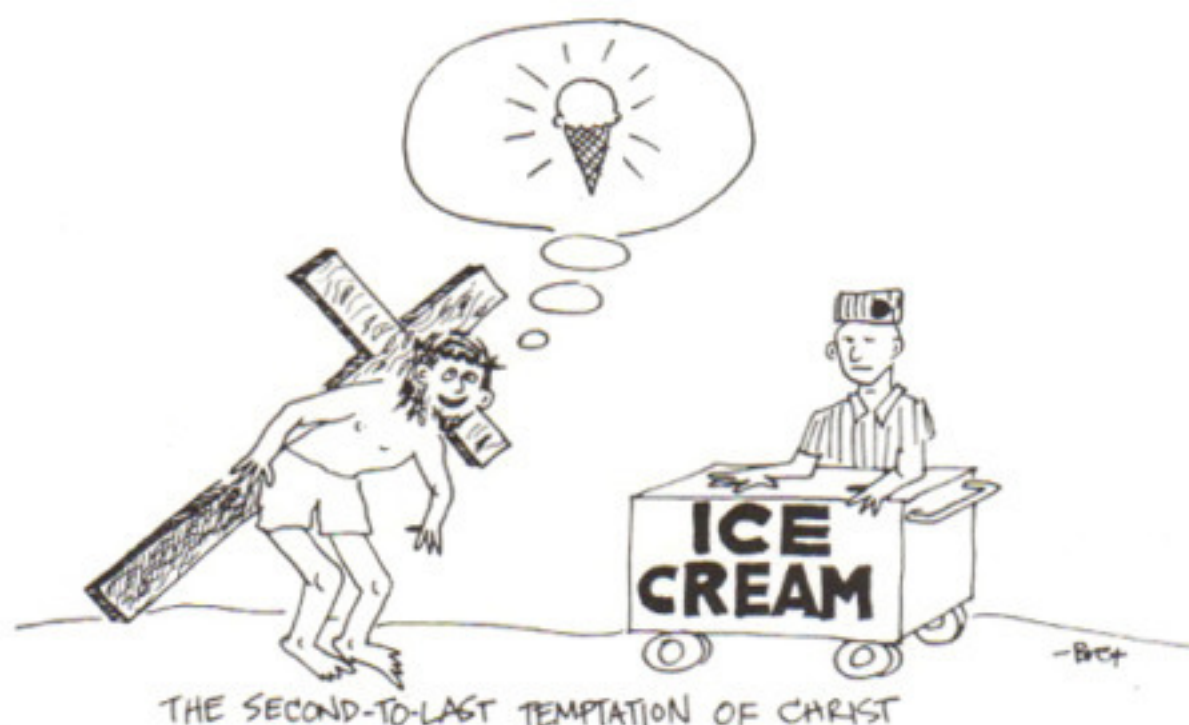
ELLE

Tom, you've been testing those filaments since six o'clock this morning! Come to bed, darling.

EDISON

Okay.

(CURTAIN)



On The Cover

Well, we don't really have a cover.

Want to know the best-kept secret in San Francisco dining? It's the ... URGHH! What the hell was that? Oh, God, it's a dart, a poison dart! I'm dyingggg... No, wait! I don't think it is a poison dart... It's not! It's a vitamin dart! I'm going to live! In fact, I'll probably live a bit longer than I otherwise would have!

Boy, that was scary, though. In fact, maybe you should find your own restaurant. When you get right down to it, they're all pretty good.

Love Poem

I looked into a Grecian urn
To find my aunt's ashes
They were dark embers of love
Ooh, baby, let's get it on

DEEP THOUGHTS

by Jack Handey

Is there anything more beautiful than a beautiful, beautiful flamingo, flying across in front of a beautiful sunset? And he's carrying a beautiful rose in his beak, and also maybe he's carrying a very beautiful painting with his feet. And also, you're drunk.

*

Maybe in order to understand mankind, we have to look at the word itself: "Mankind." Basically, it's made up of two separate words -- "mank" and "ind." What do these words mean? It's a mystery, and that's why so is mankind.

*

I'm not afraid of insects taking over the world, and you know why? It would take about a billion ants just to aim a gun at me, let alone fire it. And you know what I'm doing while they're aiming it at me? I just sort of slip off to the side, and then suddenly run up and kick the gun out of their hands!

*

If you're like me, you probably blame a lot of things on rubber bands. If there's bad news in the newspaper, you blame it on the rubber band which kept it rolled up. Or if you get your bank statement, and there's less money in your account than you thought you had, you blame it on the rubber band that holds the statement and the checks together.

Why do we do that?

*

It's easy to sit and scoff at an old man's folly. But also, check out his Adam's apple!



3

Is it possible to have too much happiness? In a way, I suppose that it is. No, wait, I'm going to change my mind and say no.

*

I think that the pioneering spirit is still very much alive today. I see it in the faces of men wearing coonskin caps. I see it in the faces of people going west in covered wagons. And I see it in the faces of spiders, for some reason.

*

When I heard the news that the hurricane was tossing trees around like matchsticks, I started to get worried, because I have a giant sculpture of a matchstick in my yard.

*

As I bit into the nectarine, it had a crisp juiciness about it that was very pleasurable -- until I realized it wasn't a nectarine at all, but A HUMAN HEAD!!

*

Contrary to what most people would say, the most dangerous animal in the world is not the lion or the tiger or even the elephant. It's a shark riding on an elephant's back, just trampling and eating everything they see.

*

I hope if dogs ever take over the world, and they choose a king, they don't just go by size, because I bet there are some Chihuahuas with some good ideas.

*

To us, it might just look like a rag, flapping in the wind. But to the brave, embattled men of the fort, it was more than that. It was a flag of surrender. And after that, it was torn up and used for shoeshine rags, so the men would look nice for the surrender.



4

Wouldn't It Be Nice...

If just once we would elect a woman president who doesn't place her personal appearance ahead of the national interest? ✦

Then there's the sister you never hear about -- Sappho Marx. ✧



To Note

I'd like to note here that if all the ex-military "heroes" and football "quarterbacks" in Congress had kept their helmets on, our country would be run by a distinguished group of brilliant geniuses instead of by the sorry bunch of head cases currently employed there. ✧



Epitaph of the Month

"Not dead. Just restin'. Though I might be dead by now." —

Extra For Experts

Slowly come to believe that all life forms are self-serving and the universe inane, and build a shoe-box diorama illustrating these principles. Check with your parents before soldering anything valuable into the scene. You might like to replace the lid on the box so the whole scene is covered and truly pointless. Remember to leave airholes for living things, or don't. It really doesn't matter. ✧



Great Works of Black Literature Whose Ghostwriters Were White

The Autobiography of Malcolm X, by Malcolm X and Maury Allen
Invisible Man, by Ralph Ellison with Peter Golenbock
The Color Purple, by Alice Walker as told to Mike Lupica

MOVIE REVIEW

I went to see "Clean And Sober," starring Michael Keaton. I don't remember too much about it, though. I was pretty wasted. ✧

Joe and Moe in "Poli-tickles"

JOE: Hi Moe what's that you're drinking.
MOE: It's a George Bush Cocktail.
JOE: Oh really what's in it.
MOE: Mostly Scotch. I've always liked you, Joe. Lesh be friends.
+++
FLO: Hey Joe have you seen Moe.
JOE: Yeah he was supposed to tell me a joke but he was too drunk.
FLO: Hey I have an idea why don't you and I do the joke.
JOE: Okay hi Flo what's that you're drinking.
FLO: Why thank you for asking Joe as a matter of fact it's a
JOE: Hold it hold it Flo just stick to the script okay.
FLO: Sorry I thought I should make it fit my character.
JOE: I know what you thought please just do the joke hi Flo what's that you're drinking.
FLO: It's a George Bush Cocktail.
JOE: Oh really what's in it.
FLO: I'm sorry I forgot my line.
JOE: WE NEED MOE!

Next week: The Search for Moe. ✧

Money-Saving Tip

At tax time, I like to save money by paying several hundred dollars less than I owe. Uncle Sam won't miss it, and I can always use the extra cash to pay for the things I like to buy.

Or, if you prefer, you can donate your "windfall" to your favorite charity. If you do, don't forget to take a hefty tax deduction. ✧

It hardly seems worth the effort to put anything here.



Around the House

Many people hate to go to the lumber store. If you do, too, you might try using wood filler to make your own lumber. An eight-foot-long two-by-four requires about four gallons. Just make a board-shaped mold (two-by-fours work nicely), then trowel in the wood filler and pat it smooth on top. In a few weeks, when the wood filler has dried thoroughly, remove the mold (use a power saw or crowbars, if necessary), and begin your latest woodworking project. It doesn't matter what brand of wood filler you use. You'll find many good ones to choose from at your local lumber store. †

She's rhymin' to keep us from dyin'

To the Editor:

Aids can kill that is a fact
It is developed by drugs and physical contact

A slowly deteriorating killer disease

Scientists are working on a remission or a freeze

Aids transmits from one person to the other

Very slowly killing one another
It penetrates through the blood-stream its been found

Many germs still spreading all around

Dirty needles, anal and sexual contact

Contamination of the human body that is a fact

Be extremely careful who you choose

If you don't request a checkup you may lose

Encourage your partner to have a test

Get this worrisome problem off your chest

Deborah Della Penna
Danbury

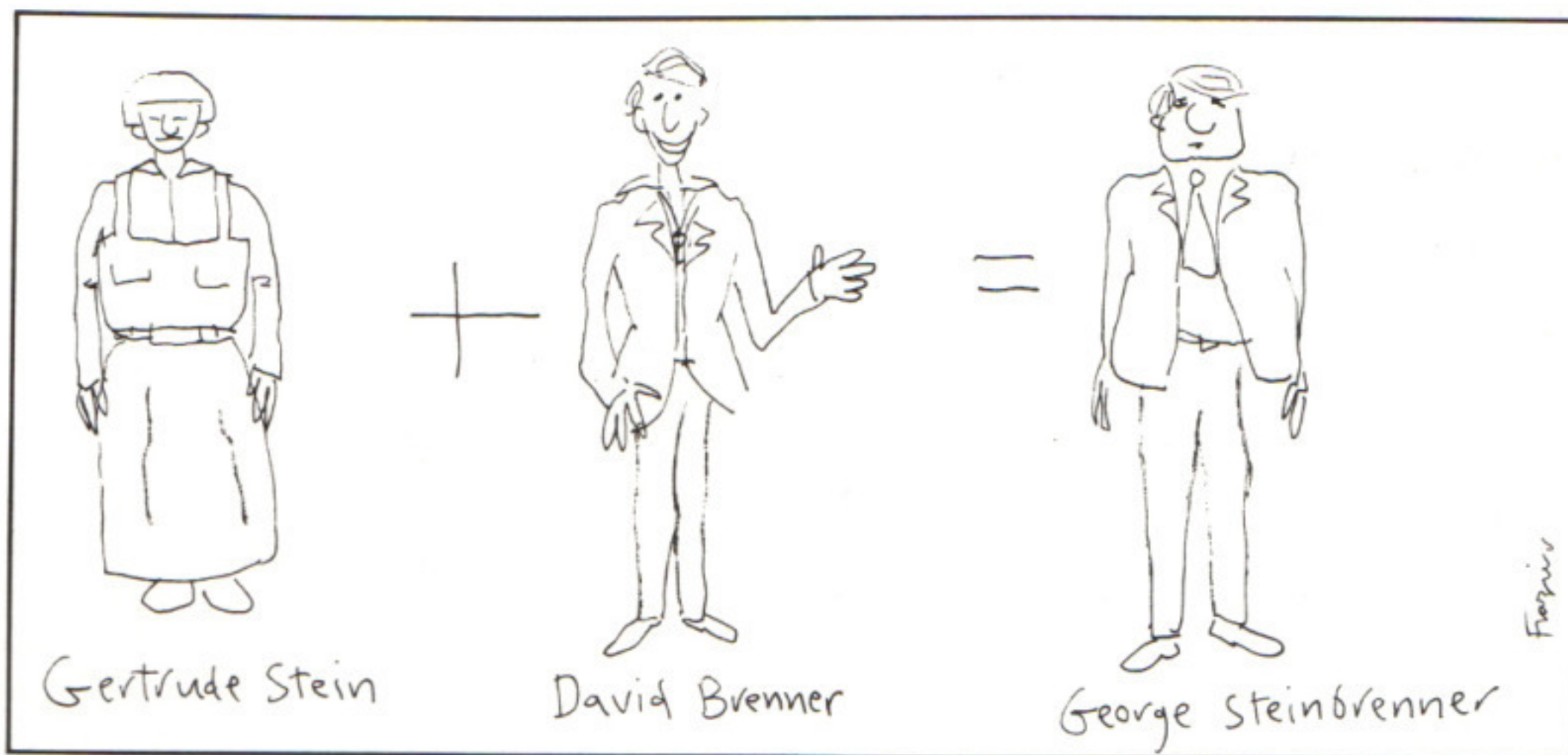


5

The Distaff Side

I hate my thighs, don't you? So what I do is, I gather up big handfuls of them and have my boyfriend shoot them with his service revolver. It doesn't exactly make them thinner, but at least it gives us something to talk about.

And speaking of fat -- why is it that on those hot summer days, you always find the kids gathered around the deep-fryer? Just try to get them to eat a donut in the winter!



A "Lakely" Story

My friend from Michigan says if you pushed all the Great Lakes together they'd be as big as the Mediterranean. I say, why bother? †

Stuff by Mitchell Kriegman

I was standing in a restaurant and I found this man's hand in my pocket. "What do you think you're doing?" I asked. He said he was looking for a match. I said, "Why didn't you ask?" And he said, "I don't talk to strangers."

Whenever something goes wrong these days, all you ever hear is "fix it with crazy glue." I've never understood this idea of "crazy glue." I mean, if it's crazy, it's unreliable. So I was thinking, what kind of glue could you really depend on? That's when I came up with the idea of "fear glue."

Yeah, danger is my assignment -- I get sent to places I can't even pronounce. They all spell the same thing, though -- trouble.

I got a new magazine the other day called Bigger Homes and Gardens. In it was an article ripping the lid off the horrible atrocities committed in psychiatrists' waiting rooms. Psychos are known to have committed extreme acts of exhibitionism, vandalism, and even murder while waiting to see their shrinks. Why do you think shrinks only allow one patient in their waiting rooms at a time?

6

JOLLY COMEDY JOKES

by John Swartzwelder

SOLDIER: Is it 1945 yet, sir?

MAJOR: No. Keep fighting.

SOLDIER: Yes sir.

MARLEY: Scrooooooge! Ebenezer Scroooooooge!

SCROOGE: Who's that?

MARLEY: In life I was your partner, Jacob
Marley.

SCROOGE: What do you want?

MARLEY: To tell you you're doing a great
job. Keep it up.

SCROOGE: Thanks, Marley.

SFX: DOOR SLAM.

BUM: Hey mister, can you help me out with
\$50 for a cup of coffee?

MAN: But a cup of coffee only costs 50¢.

BUM: Next you'll be telling me I'm not
a bum!

CAPTAIN: I'm telling you, Sergeant, it's
too dangerous!

SERGEANT: The men realize that, sir. But
this is important to them. It
will only take a few minutes,
sir. The men just want a chance
to celebrate the holiday.

CAPTAIN: Oh, all right. But make it quick.
And watch out for the Jap patrols.

SERGEANT: Thank you, sir. OK, men! Go
ahead!

FIVE OR TEN SOLDIERS: Trick or treat!
Trick or treat!



DISGRUNTLED MAN AT BREAKFAST: They can
kill the Kennedys. Why can't they
make a cup of coffee that tastes good?

SPACEMAN: Even though we are from differ-
ent worlds, Princess, I love
you.

PRINCESS: What is "love"?

SPACEMAN: You mean you don't know what
love is?

PRINCESS: And what is "what"? And what is
"is"? I don't know many words.
Where am I?

ANNOUNCER: The First Prize winner in our
contest tonight will receive a
beautiful vase. Second Prize is
a not-so-beautiful vase. Third
Prize is the world's worst vase.
And Fourth Prize... Death By
Vase.

EVIL MEXICAN: Ha ha! You have fallen into
my trap! You will all die
most horribly!

HERO: How long do we have to think of a
way to trick you?

EVIL MEXICAN: One hour. No more. In one
hour, if you have not
tricked me by then, you die!
Heh, heh, heh!

OFFICER: Well, Inspector?

INSPECTOR: I'm afraid that every clue I've
found leads to a dead end. It
looks like this is the perfect
crime. I give up.

PATROLMAN: Here he is!

SFX: RUNNING FEET. GUNSHOTS.

Prank of the Week

Go into a store, and look around for a few minutes. When a clerk asks, "Can I help you find something?" say, "Uh, yes, where do you keep your quality merchandise?" The clerk will ask you what you mean. Then say, "You know -- your well-made items. Where would those be?" Keep scanning the aisles with a perplexed frown.

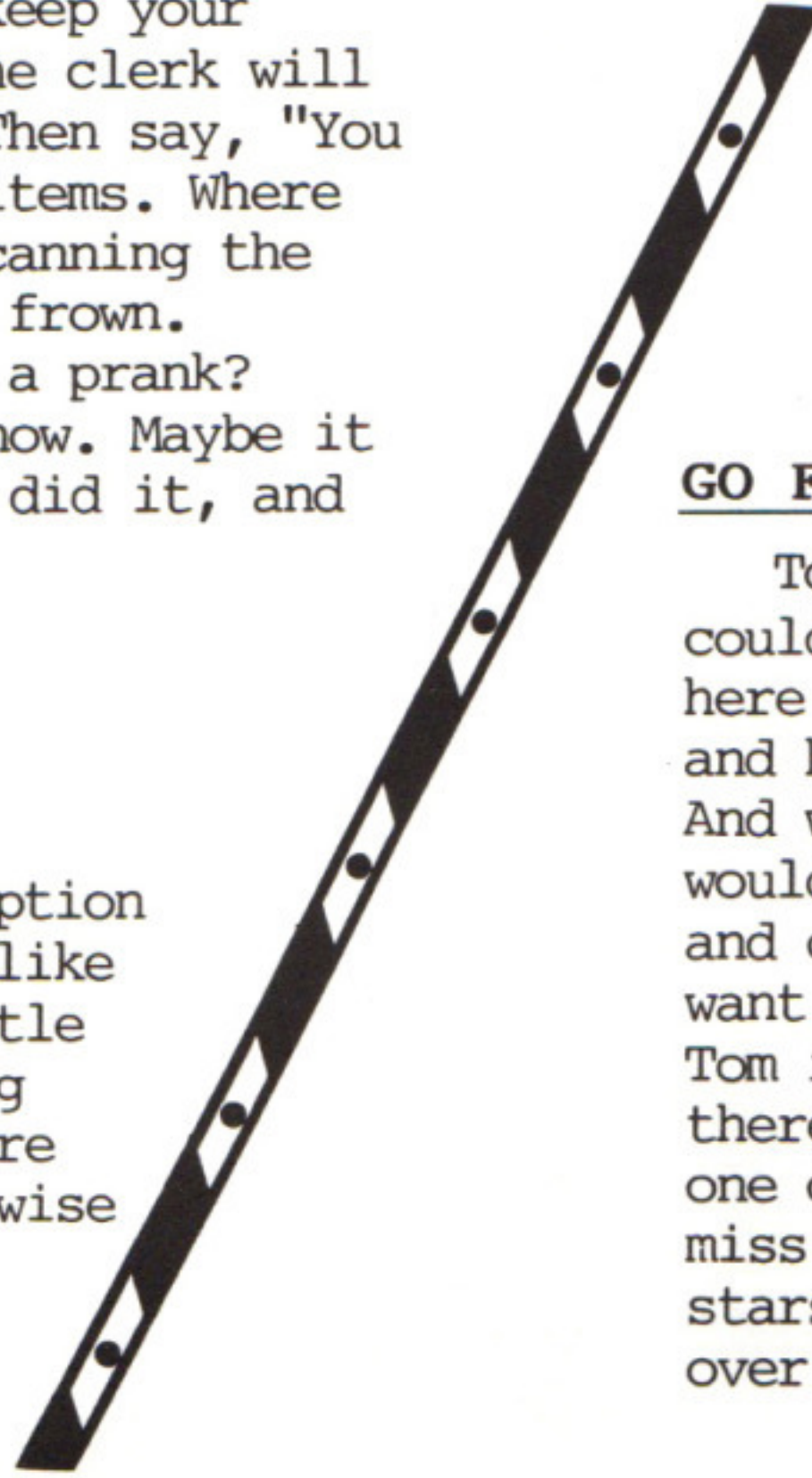
Now, is this really a prank? To be honest, I don't know. Maybe it would be a prank if you did it, and then ran.

The sour smell of despair hung over the old rooming house; the stale, musty smell of sad, defeated cigars and cheap urine.

Oh, no! Vin Scully has Vinnie's skull!!

Can't-Draw Comics

Okay. Here it is. The caption says "Honorarium." And it's like an aquarium, only it has little trophies and plaques swimming around. Can't you just picture it? I hope so, because otherwise I'm in deep trouble.



GO FIGURE

Tom is always busy. Jacqueline Bisset could say to him, "Hey Tom -- come over here right now and kiss me on the mouth," and he'd probably say, "Can't, I'm busy." And what he'd probably be so busy doing would be going through the new TV Guide and checking off all the stuff he didn't want to miss. I've seen a TV Guide after Tom is done with it, and believe me, there's a lot of it checked. And probably one of the things he'd have marked to not miss would be some movie on HBO that stars Jacqueline Bisset kissing guys all over the place. I don't get it. .↓

Semper Fido

They taught a dog to catch nuclear weapons in its mouth. It took a lot of training, but it seemed like the way to avoid both computer error and stoned human recklessness. She got so adept at fielding them on the fly that people took to firing off nuclear weapons thoughtlessly, just to show their pique, since they knew in their hearts Duchess would catch them. They wanted credit for the gesture. The earth had a kind of peace for about a decade, but of course the time came, stomach cancer, something from the casings on the bombs, and Duchess died. You would have thought someone would have trained another dog to catch nuclear weapons in its mouth but it was a careless era, and now people were in the habit of loosing the missiles. Did the earth survive? You can find the answer at your local library. →

It Pay\$ To Know Word\$

This year's word is:

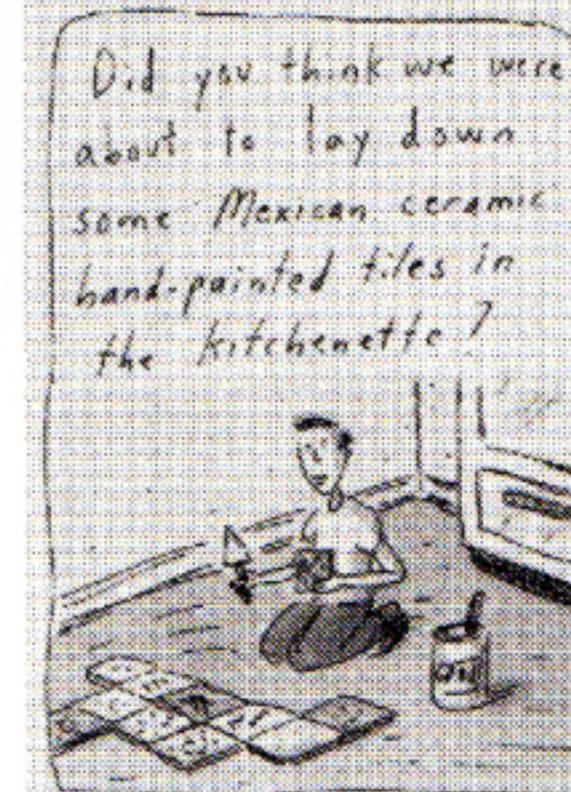
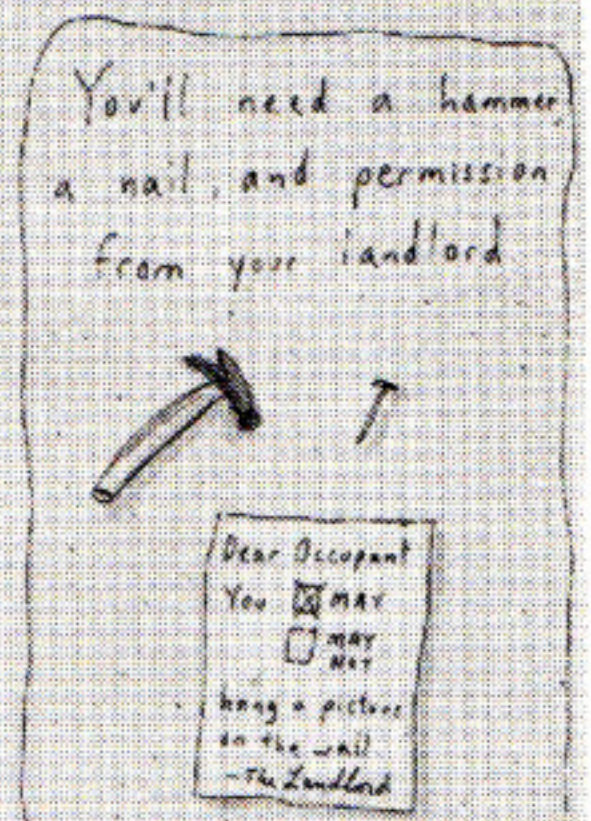
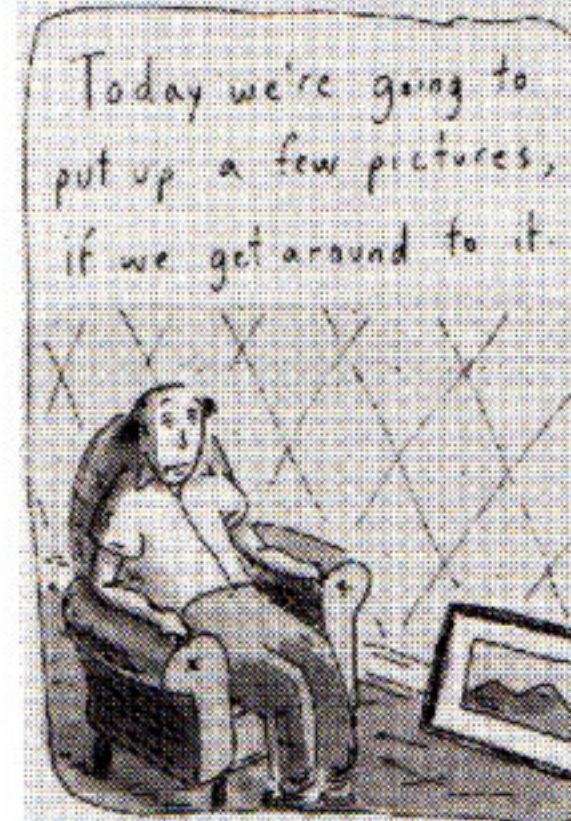
chok-y (chō/kē), *adj.*, **chok-i-er**, **chok-i-est**. tending to choke or suffocate one. Also, **chokey**.

Sample sentence: The Boston Strangler was the chokiest man in New England; in all the world there were few men chokier.

ETIQUETTE

The shrieking geek is very rude to shriek when he's not shroken tood.

This Old Rented House



GIRL TALK

by Merrill
Markoe

Ladies, here's an interesting twist on a worn-out old tradition. We all know that it's important for a meal to be as pleasing to the eye as to the palate. But when it comes to adding that final garnish, why put something on the plate that you know will be thrown away? Instead, why not add a garnish that has ALREADY been thrown away? Razor blades can be interesting and dramatic. How about velvety Kleenex, or shiny tin foil, or crisp, crinkly newspaper? The possibilities are ENDLESS..... You know, one of the pitfalls of being an Army wife can be the unusual amount of free time we face. Take a hint from one who knows -- a giant tumbler of gin before and after lunch can get to be almost like a dear old friend!..... I read where scientists are developing the ability to transplant the head of a monkey onto a human body. As if that isn't ALL we need, right ladies? Thank God for Retin-A..... SO MUCH FOR NATURE DEPT: I read where the male stickleback fish builds his family a home by carrying one stone at a time in his mouth. Take it from me, ladies -- my husband tried this stunt when we redid the rec room, and it seemed to take FOREVER!!..... But on a lighter note, the female eel travels 1500 miles over land and sea to mate. And to think I used to whine about having to drive into town!..... WORD TO THE WISE -- An 8-pak of those little canned cocktails at three in the afternoon can really give the spirit a special boost..... makes you relax. We all need to relax. Life's too long to be tense 24 hours a day, ladies. You know, I was a hooker for a while, before I was married. I don't usually talk about this... But the old low-self-esteem thing did me in. I used to fuck a guy, then feel guilty and offer to wash his car..... Speaking of low self-esteem, there's a spider that survives by camouflaging itself as BIRDSHIT. There but for fortune go we all, right ladies? Although I think that camouflage thing is a great idea. I never get more done than when I hang around my neighborhood in my little stucco dress with

8

the chimney..... Ever notice that whenever you get one of those shopping carts one of the wheels will always... aw, like you give a fuck about me. Fuck you all. Maybe Larry Mr. Fucking Wonderful King will share that with you in his big fancy column sometime. Go ahead. Go to him. See if I give a fuck.

From Universal Studios

Part of the climactic scene of I'm Not Gonna Pay A Lot For This Muffler -- The Movie

SHERIFF

(surveying police squad cars lining the road)
There's no way that Mummy's gonna get those cheap mufflers through this blockade.

KARATE GUY

... And even if he could, my men would take care of him.

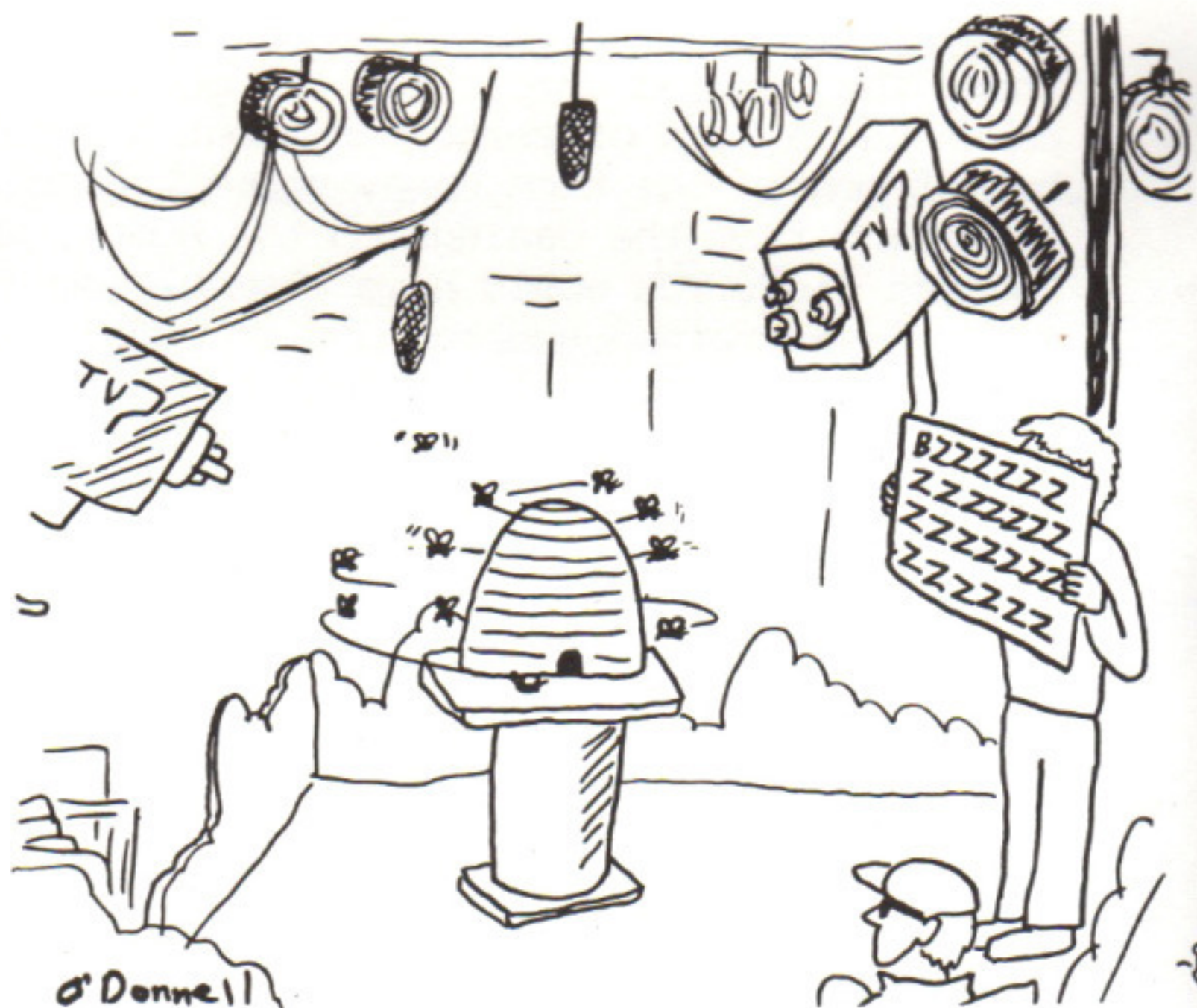
(CUT TO: THE MUMMY and THE WRESTLER in their van.)

WRESTLER

(looking at lights of squad cars)
Damn! It looks as though those guys mean business.

MUMMY

(suddenly swerving the steering wheel)
So do I!



Stray Dialogue

"You know what they say: Inside each and ever' one of us ther's a skelliton tryin' to get out."

"Look, I'll say the words slowly so that you can understand them. How...much...do...you...want...for...this...shrine?"

"Well, I guess we better get going. Do you have the car keys, honey?"

"I gave them to the Three Stooges!"
"Oh, no!"

"So Admiral Dewey says to me, he says, 'Jack, I'm Admiral Dewey, and I'm talking to you personally.'"

"A stork so much as kisses my wife, and I'll blow his head off."

"Why is the grass green, Dad?"

"I painted it green."

"Why do birds fly south?"

"I told them to."

"Oh, three against one, eh? Why not make it five against one?"
(PAUSE)

"Oh, ten against one, eh?"

"I refuse to eat human flesh. Just bring me a salad or something."

"I know this won't make much sense to you, son, but wubba wubba nuk nuk nuk."

by John Swartzwelder

9

Trendy Me ... by Suki

They've given me almost no room this month, so I'm just going to say one word about Furniture '89: BLEACHERS.

PIPS

Three orange pips are very nice,
and three pips more as nice are twice.
Yet three more are pure delight,
but more than that would not seem right.



FRIENDS

Me and my friend went to this air show, and just before it starts I say to my friend, "Two dollars someone crashes," and he says sure, and we shake on it. But then everything was going great -- I mean the Navy's F-14 Tomcats and the Army's S-2 Hawkeyes were sleek and awesome, and then some enormous cargo carrier that the announcer called "the largest aircraft in the free world" performed an impressive fly-by. Three souped-up WW I planes followed, doing mid-air stunts and stalls and somersaults and dives, and this is with a guy on the wing of one of them, and next comes "Wild Bill"-somebody doing an incredible series of loops in a high-performance glider. Well, finally then came the Blue Sirens Female Parachute Team, and when one of these ladies' chutes doesn't open, I hold my hand out to my friend and say, "Money please, thank you!" But then he says, "No, you said 'crash'." Well, we quit speaking after that. Months later, once it had finally blown over, and we were back to friends, exactly who-still-owed-who-two-bucks was this great running gag we shared.

-- Bill Franzen

"He came at me with a knife. Luckily, I'm a Blood-Sucking Fiend From Beyond The Grave."

"I didn't have the heart to tell him I didn't like his idea, so I just spit in his face and broke one of his dog's legs."

"Ten dollars! Think of it! Security for you and your family for the rest of your lives!"

"I'm not strong enough to end it all, so I guess I'll just kill myself."

Compliments
Of The Door
Doctor



"Hey, Door Doctor! Hey, Door Doctor!"

GETTING RID OF NORIEGA

As Noriega's ally, the United States was blind to his faults for a long time, seeing only the good side of the dictator as friends so often do. Now, however, that the world knows about Noriega's crimes, we must see that he leaves power.

We must do this not only for the good of the Panamanian people, but for the good of General Noriega as well. We must help our old friend realize that his involvement in the drug trade is a crutch and that he is only hurting himself. Drugs may seem glamorous at first but ultimately they ruin your life.

Unfortunately, it is not enough that Noriega simply step down. He must leave the country, for staying behind is dangerous. There are too many memories in Panama for Noriega ever to live a happy life there again. Even going for a shave would be hurtful to him, as Noriega could not help but remember the days when he could butt in line at the barber's and get a shave for free in any chair he wanted.

As we have seen, though, it has not been easy to get Noriega to go. Naturally, he does not want to leave the country in which he has lived all his life. All his things are there.

How, then, are we to oust Noriega? We cannot get rid of him with grand military action or vindictive negotiation; Noriega, well aware of what he has done wrong, has punished himself enough already, believe me. What is

Would you use your gun to save this policeman?



**IF THE ANSWER IS YES!!!
ARMY MAN MAGAZINE IS FOR YOU!!!**

Hey, fellas -- there's no need to fight! Plenty of Army Man magazines are available now in your grocer's dairy case! Now, that's what I call a honey of a deal!!!!

10

Remember, the end is nearer. —

American Airlines -- A lousy name, but a darned good airline.



called for is a plan which appeals to Noriega's human side.

1. Tell Noriega that in five days Joel Grey will be leaving the smash hit musical on Broadway, "Cabaret". Everyone wants to see Joel Grey in "Cabaret" and I doubt Noriega is an exception. Never suspecting that "Cabaret" closed some time ago, Noriega will rush to New York to get tickets. When he arrives at the box office, we can get him (and his credit card!).

2. Send Noriega an overdue notice from the Abington Library for Laurie Colwin's well-reviewed novel, Happy All The Time. When Noriega writes to complain that it must be another Noriega who took out Happy All The Time, write back that Noriega must appear in person or he will have his library privileges revoked. Noriega, never knowing when he may need to take out a library book in Abington, will fly to Abington to take care of the matter. We can get him in Abington.

3. Advertise in The London Times for a palace swap giving Noriega's address. When Queen Elizabeth arrives at Noriega's and presents him with the keys to Buckingham palace and tells him to help himself to the Scotch eggs in the fridge, the Generalissimo will be too embarrassed not to move to London. We can hide behind the luggage carts at Heathrow Airport and get him.

4. Turn up all the music in neighboring Colombia to the highest volume. This will give Noriega such an awful headache he will flee to Nepal where they have no noise at all. If we are very, very quiet, we can sneak up and get him, possibly with a net.

-- Patty Marx

When your ears ring, say hello and a small voice will tell you what to do.

IDA SAYS...

Am I crazy, or does somebody else find these "Valley Girls" difficult to understand?

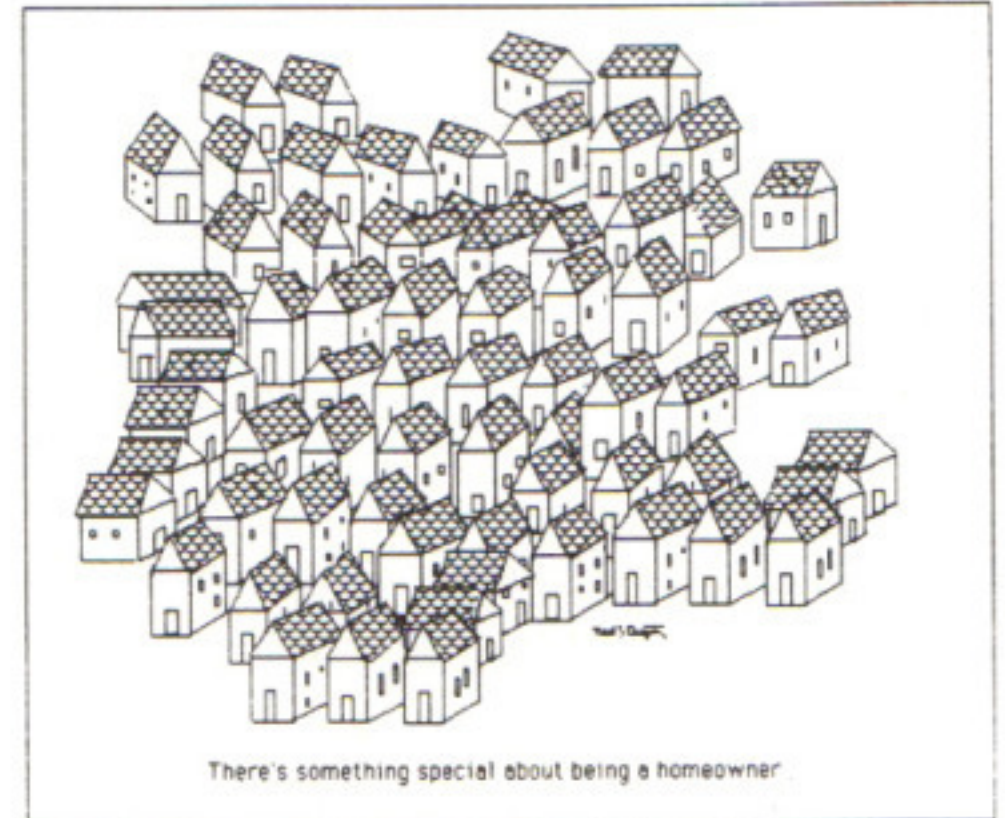
If their girls talk this way, I can only imagine what a "Valley Boy" would sound like!

If my son Craig were a "Valley Boy," he'd probably take the trash out talking like this:

"Hey, man, where's the garbage can? What th-! How'd these maggots get in here?! Mom, quick, get the bug spray! Jesus!! I've never seen so many maggots!"

Children are a sorry burden.

11



Did you know that every time you ring a doorbell, you use enough electricity to give a Bolivian boy a mild shock?

Tuesday, July 10, 1984

Burt Reynolds' Dreadful Summer Party

"Cannonball Run II"
Koko Marina No. 1 and 2, Pearl-
ridge No. 3

A minimum effort from all concerned, "Cannonball Run II" is this summer's effort by Burt Reynolds and Hal Needham to get the public to subsidize a month-long party for Burt and his pals. The home movies taken during the party are edited into something resembling a feature film, at least in length.

They're asking \$4 for admission, and that doesn't include even one canape.

Burt's friends are musty, dusty attractions at the Hollywood Wax Museum. They include Dean Martin, whose skin has the texture and unhealthy pallor of a cantalope rind and who says things like "When I make a dry martini, I make a dry martini,"—a sure-fire Rat Pack knee-slapper—and Sammy Davis Jr., who looks like a cockroach. Director Needham also never bothered to make sure Davis' glass eye was pointing in the proper direction. It rolls wildly, independent of the other orb.

Other couch potatoes direct from "The Tonight Show" are the insufferable Charles Nelson Reilly; wheeze-monger Foster Brooks; Jim Nabors, who has swell-looking artificial teeth; and Don Knotts, who looks like a chimp recently released from Dachau.



Reynolds, Martin, MacLaine, Davis and Sinatra all having a real good time.

Dom DeLuise is aboard doing his annoying thweet-but-thilly fat man routine.

Frank Sinatra, in a pseudo-Mafia don role that must have been a hoot in Warner Bros.' boardrooms, is on-screen for a flash. In the cutaway shots, the other actors pretend they're talking to Sinatra's stand-in, who's about two feet taller than

ol' Pink Eyes.

Susan Anton and Catharine Bach try to fill the jumpsuited bimbo role created by Adrienne Barbeau, but Bach and Anton are two women who look best from a distance. When she smiles, Anton's lips slide up mechanically over teeth that resemble the grill on a '57 Chevy; her face has the hachety

MOVIES

directness of a Roman bireme at ramming speed. Bach looks hard, hard, hard; she could crack walnuts with her forehead.

Both women spend much of the film coyly playing with the zippers on their jumpsuits. When they pull them down, the effect is less playfully sexy than revoltingly cheap.

Burt's love interest in the last film, the quite-apropos Farrah Fawcett, is replaced here by Shirley MacLaine, whose crinkly forearms contrast nicely with Burt's gassy, recently embalmed appearance. MacLaine does provide the only real laugh in the film, during a credit sequence that features otherwise endless, dull out-takes.

There are other performers who manage not to humiliate themselves. They include Jackie Chan the martial-arts whiz, Joe Theismann the football whiz and an orangutan wearing an unfortunate amount of pancake makeup.

There's a plot of sorts; it reprises the last movie note for note.

The theme song is in Spanish for some reason. "Cannoonbow-el!" suggests the singer.

The stunts are perfunctory.

The cars are not exciting.

The stars seem stuffed.

The movie is a genuine cultural artifact, a relic given to us by a band of entertainers from long ago, who live in self-imposed exile in the dusty, neon hellhole of Las Vegas.

They seem to have no trouble at all amusing each other.

It's not contagious.

—Burl Burlingame
Honolulu Star-Bulletin

(CONT. FROM PAGE 12)

Canned Heat and Air Supply were brought aboard to buy some time. As we went to press, Leadbelly had just signed Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, and the plane was still flying erratically; however, Satchmo was doing a lot of that weird, croaky singing that everyone likes.

LEADBELLY'S BLUES

It was Leadbelly's first concert tour in years, but he had a problem: his plane couldn't get off the ground. Thinking fast, he signed up a young opening act -- Gordon Lightfoot. This made the plane too light, so he signed up "Cannonball" Adderly. But then the plane needed more lift, so he added Charlie "Bird" Parker. This was too much lift, so Chubby Checker came on board. Unfortunately, he also brought Fats Domino. So Booker T. and the MGs were booked, since "MG" stands for "Masters of Gravity." The plane still wouldn't fly level, so Iron Butterfly and Led Zeppelin were added. This only confused the already demoralized pilot. The next to be hired was Billy "Crash" Craddock; at this point no one was thinking clearly. Some of the musicians, led by "Dizzy" Gillespie and Screamin' Jay Hawkins, organized a revolt, so

(CONT. ON PAGE 11)

The Despondent Correspondent

Well, the Fourth of July will soon be here, and I suppose there'll be the usual fireworks. Funny -- all those bangs and booms and flying sparks never seem to solve anything, do they?



12

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Artists starve because they forget the law of supply and demand. The answer is simple: Paint only one painting per lifetime. It doesn't even have to be very good. Demand will be small, but supply will be almost nonexistent (one). Therefore, it should fetch an astronomical price.

Of course, many well-known artists did not do this. Picasso created so many works that he painted himself into a corner. He was forced to compensate for the mountainous supply with generous blasts of skill. Inspired composition, technical virtuosity, utter mastery of a dozen styles and media -- these were the hellish demands of his Faustian bargain.

Don't you make the same mistake.

The winner of the first prize for best quilt will receive a ribbon and \$2. Second and third prizes will get \$1.50 and \$1 respectively.

Many groups that have spent nearly a year creating a quilt take more pride in the work itself than in winning prize money.

In The Next Issue:

Mother Teresa: The Nun You Love To Hate

Play and Learn:

From Bach's "Sonata For Slide-Whistle," No. 6:

